

Correspondence Column

Locust Blossoms and Fresh Vegetables.
Dear Editor:—I have just finished my work and I have nothing to do for a little while, so will try to draw something for the page.

I have been ill for a week with measles, haven't been to school for so long I won't know how to add two and two. Don't you know I studied my arithmetic real, real hard last month. My teacher said she was uneasy about me, but I didn't fail, isn't that fine. We have twenty-one locust trees around our house; they are loaded down with blossoms, remind you of what? The air smells so nice when you go out under the trees when the weather could last forever. Papa planted right much in his garden yesterday. Don't you wish you could come out in the country and enjoy eating fresh vegetables. Will have to close, for my cousin wants the ink. Lovingly,

FLORENCE KEYSER.

Lorraine.

Our Days and the Mexican Border.

Dear Editor:—Didn't we have a splendid Audubon page, although I only had a letter and puzzle? You see, I am not narrow-minded nor egotistical. Wasn't it terrible about the wreck of the Titanic? If she had struck how on, all would have been well, or better than it was, but instead she tipped her side on the iceberg. Just think, over 1,500 people dashed into eternity! I call those people heroes and I think the members will all agree with me.

Willie and I went in the time the other day and, on seeing a crowd around the bridge, we grew curious and moved toward it. What do you think it was? Why a small house was being taken out of the house on wheels. It had formerly been near the breakwater, but was brought some one outside. We are having lovely weather now. Our races will soon be in bloom. I feel now we have about twenty or twenty-five bushes, real large ones, and our locust tree is a mass of flowers. Nellie, Emma, Willy and I took a long walk this evening and found we had to climb under the trees. We were all singing, and I was the first under. Nellie, Willy and I went walking a few days ago and passed some of the flowers and took them in the National Cemetery. There are eleven or twelve bushes marked "Unknown," the names of the places of the men who met their death in the explosion of 1902, and went to their graves unknown. Well, I believe that it is at last decided that troops are to be sent to the border, that is, unless Masters apologizes for his treatment of the Americans down there. I hope he does, for I like every one else, hate to think of "our boys" going away. Your loving member,

Care William Chadwick, National Soldiers' Home, Virginia.

Four Brothers and One Girl.

Dear Editor:—Brother and I wish to join the T. D. C. We have some nice things. Brother has a black cat and I have a pretty little squirrel-colored cat named "Princess." I take "Princess" to school twice a week. I love music. I have four brothers and I am the only girl. Brother and I have included some articles for the T. D. C. page. Your new member,

MARY AND KENT HOWARD.

Florida, Va.

Two Pictures for the Page.

Dear Editor:—I enclosed two pictures for the page. I hope you will use them. I didn't see our page last Sunday, but thank you for putting my picture in it. I read "The Recorder" by Ralph Connor, and liked it and I haven't anything of interest to write, so will close.

Your loving member,

LYRA RANSON.

No Address Given.

Dear Editor:—I am very sorry that I have not sent anything into this page for so long, but I have been sick with the mumps. I am sending a picture of a kite and a bird. I hope I will win some prize. I will try and be more prompt from this. From your new member,

LAWRENCE PERKINS.

(No address given)

The Best He Could Think Of.

Dear Editor:—You don't know how glad I was to see my letter and drawing in last Sunday's paper. I'm sending you a bird drawing, which I hope you will publish on the page. It was the best drawing I could think of. I'm sending you and your members good wishes. I remain,

Your member,

WILBUR BOWMAN.

115 South Adams Street, Petersburg, Va.

Essay on "Long Roll."

Dear Editor:—I am sending you an essay on the "Long Roll," which I would like to see in your column. I was glad to see my name in the paper. I am sending a picture of a bird, which I hope you will publish on the page. I'm sending you and your members good wishes. I remain,

Your member,

HARRY E. CHADWICK.

Rocheville, Va. (Address care of Bellum Miller)

Page Five on Bird Day.

Dear Editor:—The page was fine on "Bird Day" and I enjoyed the friends and much. Willie Chadwick asked had any one read "The Call of the Wild." I have read it and like it fine. I am sending a picture of a bird, which I hope you will publish on the page. I'm sending you and your members good wishes. I remain,

Your member,

MARY MCDANIEL.

Westhampton, Richmond, Va.

She Wants a Badge.

Dear Editor:—Please send me a badge. As I did not ask for one, I am sending a picture of a bird, which I hope you will publish on the page. I'm sending you and your members good wishes. I remain,

Your member,

MARGARET THOMPSON.

Lansdale, Va. Box 22

Things Her Doll's Hints.

Dear Editor:—I forgot "Bird Day" was so near. I have some birds and flowers. We have a bunch of snowdrops, and have some roses, violets, sweet peas, daisies, and some little yellow flowers. I don't know many bird stories, and I don't know much about birds. I have a doll and I like her very much. I am sending a picture of a bird, which I hope you will publish on the page. I'm sending you and your members good wishes. I remain,

Your loving member,

CHRISTIAN SHELTON.

100 Randolph Street, Staunton, Va.

Two Members From Greve.

Dear Editor:—I enclose you two and two pictures, one of mine and one of Dennis Jones's. I hope you will use them. I'm sending you and your members good wishes. I remain,

Your member,

WALTER ROGERS.

Dennis Bradshaw.

The Reason Why.

Dear Editor:—I have just finished my work and I have nothing to do for a little while, so will try to draw something for the page. I have been ill for a week with measles, haven't been to school for so long I won't know how to add two and two. Don't you know I studied my arithmetic real, real hard last month. My teacher said she was uneasy about me, but I didn't fail, isn't that fine. We have twenty-one locust trees around our house; they are loaded down with blossoms, remind you of what? The air smells so nice when you go out under the trees when the weather could last forever. Papa planted right much in his garden yesterday. Don't you wish you could come out in the country and enjoy eating fresh vegetables. Will have to close, for my cousin wants the ink. Lovingly,

Your loving member,

MARGARET E. MASON.

Winchester, West Va.

Fishing Time Fun Sometimes.

Dear Editor:—I received my pin, thank you so much. I will try not to lose it. My school closes the first of June. I am sending a picture of a fish, which I hope you will publish on the page. I'm sending you and your members good wishes. I remain,

Your member,

FRED HARRIS.

Hamburton, Va.

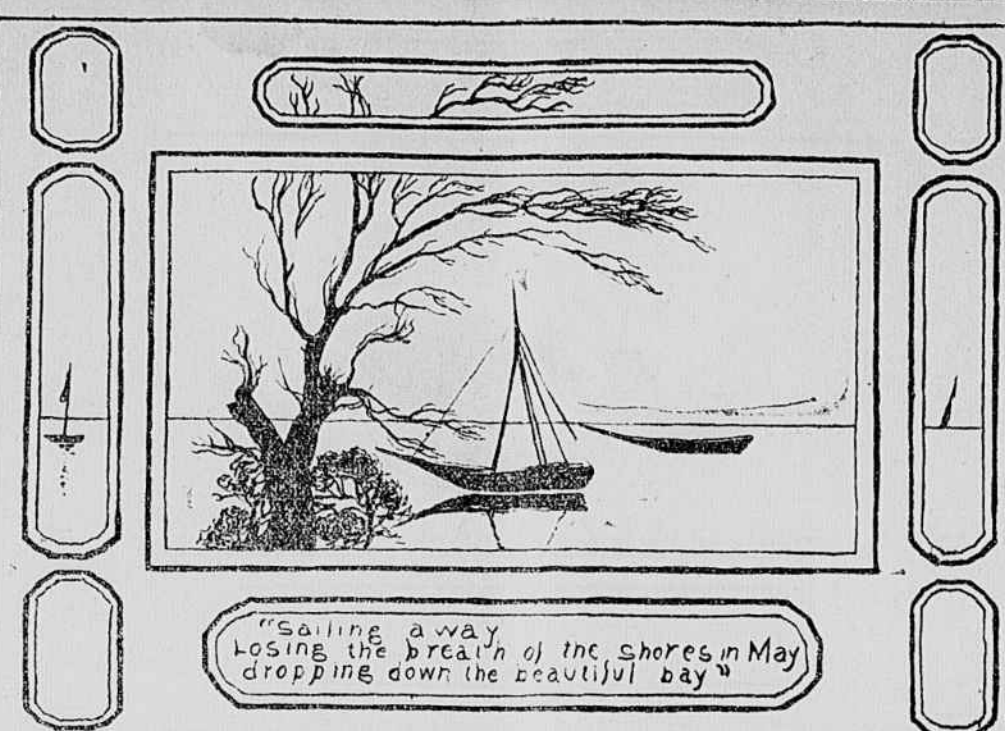
Glad to Become a Member.

Dear Editor:—I received the badge you sent me and was much pleased with it. I am glad to become a member of the T. D. C. I am sending a picture of a fish, which I hope you will publish on the page. I'm sending you and your members good wishes. I remain,

Your member,

JONNY WILLIAMS.

Petersburg, Va.



Editorial And Literary Department

Boys and Girls to Make Plea for Playground

My Dear Girls and Boys:

I am hoping this week to see the beginning of your campaign for better health conditions. I see the playground plan in the city, so now is the time for you to say your say about playgrounds, how much children need them and how much they enjoy them. I hope you will put up a plea that will prevail. And as I am going to give you all possible space, I am neither leaving nor pressing you to-day, merely offering you a suggestion.

YOUR EDITOR.

THE WEEK'S PRIZE WINNERS.

Miss Leslie Miller, Rochelle, Va., care

Bellum Miller.

Miss Margaret E. Mason, Winifrede, W. Va.

Wilbur Bowman, 115 South Adams

Street, Petersburg, Va.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Special prizes go this week to Miss

Elizabeth Reid, 23 East Canal Street,

and to Miss Willy E. Chadwick, care

William Chadwick, National Soldiers'

Home, Hampton, Va., and Miss Lora V.

Ranson, Masonic Home, Va.

THE WEEK'S CONTRIBUTORS.

Allenworth, Carl; Lawrence, Harold;

Broadbent, Helen; Miller, Leslie;

Bennett, Rosella; McDonald, Mary;

Bradshaw, Dennis; Perkins, Hazel;

Blankenship, J. M.; Perkins, Hazel;

Bowman, Wilbur; Fugh, Elizabeth H.;

Baker, Frances; Perkins, Linwood;

Cooper, Sarah; Reid, Elizabeth;

Crooks, Susie; Robertson, W. C.;

Chadwick, Harry; Riddlebach, Helen;

Chadwick, W. E.; Rogers, Walter;

Dicks, Myrtle; Ranson, Lora V.;

Dunn, T. B.; Shelton, Christian;

Dickenson, Lottie; Seay, Maggie E.;

Dillon, Annie; Shepherd, Paul G.;

Harris, Fred; Scull, Jack;

Harris, Mary; Tate, Herbert;

Howard, Mary C.; Thompson, M. L.;

Howard, Kent; Turner, Gladie E.;

Harris, Minor S.; Wright, Lucille;

Jones, Olive; Williams, Elise;

Kent, Elizabeth; Williams, John;

Kaper, Florence; Watkins, Louis;

Williams, Francis.

MOTHERS' DAY.

May 12 was Mothers' Day, when every boy and girl wore a rose in honor of their mother. The white rose is the kind for mothers. Your mother is the best friend on earth to you and you should honor her by wearing a white rose on your coat or dress.

I hope a lot of our T. D. C. members will write a piece on Mothers' Day, and that our editor will publish all of them.

You'll only have one mother, boy—no one her place can take. 'Twill be too late when she is gone—just for her sweet sake!

She'll take you to her warm heart still if you're gone to the bad. Don't be ashamed to call her name—drop her a line, my lad.

Your member,

LEWIS WATKINS.

528 North Twenty-first Street,

Richmond.

A SCHOOL GIRL'S IMPRESSION OF "THE LONG ROLL."

During last winter's cold, dreary nights I entertained myself by reading that wonderful book, "The Long Roll," and I wish every boy and girl in Dixie Land would read it. Its pages are full of vivid pictures of what my school history calls the "Civil War." But no history has ever given me as true an idea of what the Southern sentiments were before and during the war as "The Long Roll."

Kernstown, from Royal and Malvern Hill are more to me than just names of battles in which our noble lives were destroyed. Memory holds a picture of heroic scenes. I can close my eyes and see Ashby on

his white charger, brave Fauquier Cary refusing chloroform because he thought some one else's need for it was greater. Did Sir Philip Sidney do nobler when, perishing from thirst, he gave his cup of water to a dying soldier? Is there a Confederate veteran who is not glad and proud of the heroic deeds described in "The Long Roll?"

Richard Cleave, beautiful Judith Cary, Christina Allen Gold, that villain, Maury Stafford, and even Steven Dagg are living beings to me, and I eagerly await volume II, in which I hope to meet them all again. (Miss) LESLIE MILLER.

THE TITANIC HEROES.

No grave was dug, no flag came

down.

Not even a prayer was said;

A dying shriek was their funeral

knell.

As the sea closed overhead

Their fate was unknown till these at

home.

Read down the list of dead.

There were sailors and soldiers and

peasants and merchants, heroes all

leaving the ones that life held dear.

Down they went at the deep sea's

call.

Over them hung a snow-filled sky,

And the water clasped like an icy

pall.

"Save the women and children first!"

This was over the law of the sea.

And husbands clung to their wives

and wept.

Till their eyes were misty and could

not see.

Now wrapped in silence those heroes

lie.

At rest where no monument ever

may be.

All alone on an icy sea.

All alone 'neath a clear sky;

Rebelling at the hand of fate,

Giving only one last long cry:

These heroes who would not live in

shame.

Claiming like men the right to die.

Soldier and sailor and millionaire,

Peasant and merchant, they lie to-

day.

Under the water deep, and we know

That our men died only as heroes

may.

They saved the women and children

first.

Proving their manhood in life's great

way.

Composed by

HARRY E. CHADWICK.

Care William Chadwick, National Sol-

diers' Home, Hampton, Va.

JEREMIAH JENKINS.

About the year 1893 there lived along the road to Matthews Court-house a man named Jeremiah Jenkins. He belonged to the black race, but by some unfortunate luck he had been young he was considered to be the wealthiest colored man in Virginia. He used to keep his money hidden under the floor of his house in bags. All of it was in gold. But now he was penniless, and was too old to work. He was a very good and honest old man, and whenever he could be of service to any one he never lost the chance.

He often went without his dinner or supper, because he had given it to some other poor old man. People used often pound him, and he would sometimes cry for joy.

One day he was going up to the courthouse with his old dog and his stick in his hand when he saw something in the road. When he got up he looked at it and picked it up; as he did so he found that it was a pocketbook. It opened it and found that it was full of bills. He counted them and found that it contained \$150. After he thought about it, he looked down the purse to see if he could find the name of the owner of the money. He did, and the card was engraved with the name of "Mr. Henry Carey, Matthews, Va."

Jeremiah did not know who this

man was, but he determined to find out. So when he got to the courthouse he inquired around the town, and after while found out where he lived. He determined to go there the next morning and carry him the purse. So he went, and after a little trouble he found the house, which proved to be a grand brownstone building, with high cement steps. It was the grandest house Jeremiah had ever seen. He went up the back steps, knocked on the door and asked to see Mr. Carey. He was taken to his office, and when he returned the purse Mr. Carey seemed very much surprised and said, "My dear man, you are one out of a hundred who would have done this. It is not so much the money that I want as it is the spirit of the thing. For doing this I will return this deed of kindness, and what I am going to do I hope you will be pleased. I have heard your history, and I presume you are too old to do much hard work, so I have just the place for you. Over to Middlesex, where I live, I have to have my office cleaned, and I need some one to do it. I will give you \$7 a week and board as you will come and live with me as my agent."

Old Jeremiah was so happy he could hardly speak, and all he did was to grasp Mr. Carey's hand and say, "God bless you, my dear friend." He went the next week, and lived happy until his death.

This teaches us that honesty is the best thing after all, and that those who are honest shall reap their reward.

Composed by

GENEVIEVE C. BURKE.

Mathews, Va.

THE "KID."

(A Story of Army Life)

The Kid first drifted into army life at Fort Duquesne. His appearance caused quite a stir, newcomers always do out at the lonely post, where there was nothing but wide tracts of alkali to see. But this was more than an ordinary newcomer. Handsome he was and natty he looked in his new uniform, colloquial and full of fun, with the free and easy manner of a college-bred boy. His skin was dark, but soft and smooth as a girl's, an abundance of dark hair and laughing dark eyes that looked innocently up at you made everybody do as the Kid said. It was these things that won a place for him in all hearts, from the fiery captain down to Bert Archer, I say down to Bert Archer, as he invariably was a big "P" on his back and was the accepted "bad man" at the post.

"A shame! Nice man, fine education, rather flashy with the making of a colonel in him," mused the captain whenever Archer was carried to mill. The captain secretly adored this tall, muscular man, silent and grave. No one ever knew about the Kid was making friends. The newcomers idolized and petted him, while the officers adored the boy with a complexion like a girl's, a little young figure, and the clear, innocent dark eyes. This is what won him the affection of the Kid. For when Malcolm Trevor made his appearance at Fort Duquesne he looked not a day over his sixteen years, and the youngest man at the post by at least ten years.

Just a kid, a rook overheard the captain remark to his orderly, and the name stuck to him.

He had many friends and protectors, and each man thought it his duty to see that the Kid walked in the way he should go. That he should not meet Archer was one of the reasons why he was watched and guarded closely. They could not bear to think of the pure-minded boy mingling with a man like Archer.

But one day the unlooked for happened, and the Kid, strolling over the parade ground, came upon a man lying at full length in the grass. He dropped lightly down beside him; he was a friendly little soul. He did not know it was Archer; not that it would have made any difference. He was quite unconventional in regards to society.

"Hello!" the Kid said, sociably. "Hello!" the tone was almost sullen. It did not dampen the Kid's enthusiasm, however.

"You're one of the few I haven't met. I reckon."

"Reckon I am." The tone of voice was the same. The Kid did not appear to notice, though, and rattled on boyishly.

"My name is Malcolm Trevor, though the boys call me Kid for short. Funny, isn't it?"

"Him-m-m."

"The boys are nice to me, though; I don't feel a bit homesick!" But here his voice trailed away into silence from the other's apparent lack of interest. But from beneath the heavy brows the man closely scanned the clear-cut face of the boyish figure beside him. The Kid was the first to break the silence. "What is your name?" he asked, abruptly.

"Bert Archer. Guess you've heard it called a million times before, haven't you?" he asked in a defiant, half-sneering tone.

The Kid looked surprised. "Why, no," he said, "never before till now!" (To be continued.)

Composed by

WILLIE E. CHADWICK.

Care William Chadwick, National Sol-

diers' Home, Hampton, Va.

Puzzle Department

Fish Puzzle.



The names of five fish which you have all heard about are represented in this picture. What are they?
HELEN BROADBENT,
Lorraine, Va.

Bird Puzzles, No. 1.

Each line or verse describes a bird. Name them.

1. A flash of sky on wing.

2. "Oh, shall I call the bird, Or but a wandering voice?"

Thy note from household clocks is heard, And children's ears rejoice."

3. King of the water, as the air, He dives and finds his prey.

4. Thy plaintive cry announces punishment, And warns the luckless boy for whom 'tis sent.

5. You introduce yourself throughout your song, And tell the world your brief, old-fashioned name.

Selected.

HAROLD LAWRENCE.

Staunton, Va.

Bird Puzzles, No. 2.

"Bob White" you call, Along the marshy coast;

Speak not so loud Or you will be on toast.

Cooling 'neath barn rafters, Pouting sometimes, too, Rippling like child laughter, All the winter through.

An English emigrant, bird of the street, So common that some like thee not at all.

Yet in the Holy Bible we are told The Father careth if but one should fail.

Red-breasted harbinger of spring, We wait in hope to hear thee sing.

Yellow captive of the cage, Silver notes thou giv'st as wages.

CARL ALLENSTON.

Staunton, Va.

Jumbled Signs of Spring.

1. Ribbed.

2. Apollonopson.

3. Urblepou.

4. Silenoe.

5. Beria.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS.

201 Monterey Ave., Barton Heights,

City.

Girls' Names in Figures.